

Sure Relief



BELL'S
Hot Water
Sure Relief
FOR INDIGESTION

PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Removes Dandruff, Itches, Itching
Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Sells Everywhere. 25 CENTS

HINDERCOIN'S
Removes Corns, Cal-
luses, etc. from all parts, restores comfort to the
feet, makes walking easy. 25c. by mail or at drug
store. Kansas Chemical Works, Philadelphia, Pa.

W. N. U., SIOUX CITY, NO. 6-1920.

GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER.

Constipation invites other troubles which come speedily unless quickly checked and overcome by Green's August Flower which is a gentle laxative, regulates digestion both in stomach and intestines, cleans and sweetens the stomach and alimentary canal, stimulates the liver to secrete the bile and impurities from the blood. It is a sovereign remedy used in many thousands of households all over the civilized world for more than half a century by those who have suffered with indigestion, nervous dyspepsia, sluggish liver, coming up of food, palpitation, constipation and other intestinal troubles. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Try a bottle, take no substitute.—Adv.

The Other Kind Welcome.

Rejected One: "So you object to my presence at your wedding?" The Girl: "It depends on how you spell it."

NAME "BAYER" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets only as told in each "Bayer" package.



The "Bayer Cross" is the thumb-print of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." It protects you against imitations and identifies the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which con-

tains proper directions to safely relieve Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

NOTHING IN THAT FOR HIM

Lean Individual Knew Game That Had Service in the Army "Beaten a Block."

The recruiting office was having a slow day. Prospect after prospect had been interviewed, but all seemed to have some fundamental objection to joining up. Finally, there appeared a long, lean youth who studied the posters with more than the usual degree of interest. The recruiting officer perked up.

"Like to join the service, buddy?" he inquired. "Like to see the world?" "Sure would."

"Like to get three square meals a day?" "Sure would."

"Like to get your clothes and your rent and everything free?" "Sure would."

"And have a chance to save your wages?" "Sure would. Say, how much does she pay?"

"Thirty dollars a month."

The lean one shuffled away. "Aw, h—," he grumbled. "I knowed there was a trick in it somewhere. I kin borrow that much."—Home Sector.

The Frenchman's Hands.
Patience—What nationality is he?
Patrice—He's French.
"Has he any accomplishments?"
"Sure thing; he's ambidextrous."
"Really?"
"Sure; he can swear with both hands!"

Had Enough.
"Are you fond of fiction?"
"I used to be, but my husband has got me fed up on it."

TOOK REBUKE IN GOOD PART

Young Man Probably Right When He Said It Would Teach Him a Lesson.

Years ago when I was teaching in high school, we had considerable trouble with the students slamming the outside doors, and we lectured them often. It was my week for hall duty when one noon a young man entered the school building and banged the door.

I was much provoked and said, "Young man, will you please go out again and try and see if you cannot close that door more quietly?" He looked rather surprised and said, "Yes ma'am" and did as I asked. I said, "That was better."

He then inquired where he would find one of our teachers. To my surprise he was not a student as I thought, but a friend making a call. I tried to apologize, but he said it would serve as a good lesson.—Exchange.

Good Night Tip.
"Is that your father I hear coming downstairs?" asked the startled young man of the fair young thing by his side on the parlor sofa.

"No, George," replied the girl, looking inquiringly at the clock on the mantel; "you won't hear papa when he does come down."

Making Progress.
"Yes, I'm a teacher now."
"How are you getting along?"
"Well, I'm learning."

Brains without energy are nonproductive.

LIFE AT ITS BEST

Advantages of Dwelling in Country Town.

City Man Knows Nothing of the Sweet Contentment That Is the Lot of the Resident of Rural Places.

Observing the inconveniences and sometimes discomforts of city life, some of the brethren of the country press are taking a shot at the city dweller and emphasizing the fortunate position of the citizen who contrives to spend his life in some quiet town of the country, says a writer in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer. The country gentleman never cares whether the street cars run or not; he is not concerned with the electric light plant or the water supply, having his reliable kerosene lamps and a good well in working order for emergency use. He is not afraid that 400,000 of his townsmen will run out of coal at once and freeze to death, because the old grove on the east forty is capable of furnishing his fuel should his supply of five cords of sawed and split wood that he has in his woodshed become depleted. He lives away from the mass, and his small wants are not pushed and crowded by the small wants of hundreds of thousands of other people. He feels that if there is anything that he really needs that he does not possess, he can go out and procure it any morning without much trouble, and he is generally quite right about it.

Charles M. Horton, of Hadley, N. Y., cites the cases of the city and the country citizens in a recent issue of Collier's Weekly. Writes Mr. Horton:

The man who started the back-to-the-farm movement had something! The man who shouted "Back to nature," said something; The advice was directed at city dwellers, of course, because folks who were living out of the cities already did not need it.

He takes up the case of the \$25 a week married man, who hardly exists in the city, and shows what he is accomplishing in the country town:

A clerk in the store here gets \$25 a week, owns his own home and a boat on the lake and a jitney, goes hunting in the north woods in the fall, fishes evenings and days off without number, picks berries, kills his own beef in the fall, raises his own pigs, has a piano and a library and a silver service and linen, modern pictures on the walls, good rugs on the floors, mission furniture around the rooms, twin beds, a dog, two cats, a bear rug, low ceilings, plain wall paper, electric fixtures—everything, in short, that the city dweller has, or wants, but can't have—and he is a clerk in a grocery store at \$25 a week. And he had these things when he was getting \$18—six months ago, before he got a raise—had more, in fact, because he owned a trotting horse that could go some; this animal has since died.

The writer himself was beguiled from the country to the city under the common belief that the city is the only place for the man of ambition who would go far. He had brains, in a measure; he had money, in a measure, and then he tossed the whole thing up in the air and made back for the country, where he now exists in contentment. And when one sees city folk bedeviled and harassed and belpinched by every human want, living from hand to mouth, and worrying lest some necessity of existence be cut off by some whim of man or vagary of fate, one is inclined to give the argument of the country citizen large value and credence.

Carnegie Doubly Interested.

One more statue was unveiled, recently, of the immortal Robb Burns, this time in Boston. Andrew Carnegie spent much of his holiday time in Scotland, and divided it between dedicating free libraries, opening church organs, and unveiling Burns statues. Meeting Mr. Carnegie at a St. Andrews dinner in New York, a braw Scot but recently come over said, "Mr. Carnegie, I would like to shake you by the hand; you unveiled a statue of Robb Burns last summer in my home town." "Aye," said Mr. Carnegie, after a pause, "that would be Montrose, the only place I ever had anything to do with a Burns statue that I didn't pay for. On that account I'm doubly pleased to meet you."—Christian Science Monitor.

Modest Linguist.

Prof. Robertson of Louisville has published a little book of his own on the Greek of the New Testament, a book weighing more than eight pounds and containing 1,540 closely printed pages. In the preface Prof. Robertson apologizes for his small linguistic attainments. He is not, he says, a specialist in the Semitic tongues, though he knows Hebrew and Aramaic and can use Coptic and Sanscrit. He knows Latin, Greek, French, German and Anglo-Saxon, but beyond those languages only Assyrian, Dutch, Gothic and Italian are to be added to his "modest linguistic equipment."

Cement's Adhesion to Iron.

The adhesion of cement to iron that gives strength to reinforced concrete is found by Vassileco Karpén to be unlike the gluing effect of mortar on bricks. The cement does not stick to the iron firmly, if at all, but the adhesion is given by a gripping of enclosed iron as the concrete contracts in setting.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it. A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact, so many people claim, that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder ailments; corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention this paper. Large and medium size bottles for sale at all drug stores.—Adv.

Ha-Ha-Ha!

At the foot of a steep hill stood a signboard on which the following notice was painted:

"Danger—Bicyclists and autoists are hereby notified that this hill is dangerous and they are cautioned to come down slowly."

Appended to this were the equally funny lines.

"Any person not able to read the above will have it read for them if they call on the blacksmith who lives around the corner."

A Scotsman saw this notice and explained to his friends that the point of the joke was that the blacksmith might not be at home.—Boys' Life.

WOMEN WONDER AT HER MANY CLOTHES

"Diamond Dye" Make Faded, Old, Shabby Garments New.

Don't worry about perfect results. Use "Diamond Dyes," guaranteed to give a new, rich, fadeless color to any fabric, whether it be wool, silk, linen, cotton or mixed goods—dresses, blouses, stockings, skirts, children's coats, feathers—everything!

Direction Book in package tells how to diamond dye over any color. To match any material, have dealer show you "Diamond Dye" Color Card.—Adv.

It Makes a Difference.

The man who tries to reform others is an inspired missionary. The man who tries to reform you is a hypocritical humbug.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Every department of housekeeping needs Red Cross Ball Blue. Equally good for kitchen towels, table linen, sheets and pillowcases, etc.

Mean Retort.

Phillip: "I think you married me for money." "Well, dear, I believe I earned it, don't you?"

A good man's light shines day and night.

WRIGLEYS



After a hearty meal, you'll avoid that stuffy feeling if you chew a stick of

WRIGLEYS

Other benefits: to teeth, breath, appetite, nerves. That's a good deal to get for 5 cents!

Sealed Tight—Kept Right



→The Flavor Lasts←

Settled at Last.

Flatbush—So their child is christened at last?

Bensonhurst—Oh, yes; last night.

"Were you there?"

"Sure, I was."

"Some occasion, I'll bet."

"You said it."

"And what was the dear child christened?"

"A boy!"

Or a Hive of Bees.

Suggestion for propaganda by moving pictures. Show film of a colony of ants, for the encouragement of industry by example.—Boston Transcript.

If Adam had eaten the apple first he probably would have decided that Eve dared him to do it.

His Opportunity Gone.

A little friend of mine had been to see "Uncle Tom's Cabin" with her mother. At the dinner table that evening her father remarked that he believed he would go see the play that evening, when little Fay said, "Well, there's no use in your going, for Little Eva died this afternoon."—Exchange.

A War Child.

"Tommy, shall I never teach you that it isn't right to throw hand grenades at your elders?"—Sondage Nisse, Stockholm.

Keeps Them Interested, Anyhow.

A habitual falsifier always seems able to get a number of people interested in the hope that some day they'll catch him in the truth.

LUCKY STRIKE CIGARETTE

GET a package today. Notice the flavor—the wholesome taste of Kentucky Burley tobacco.

Why do so many "regular men" buy Lucky Strike cigarettes? They buy them for the special flavor of the toasted Burley tobacco.

There's the big reason—it's toasted, and real Burley. Make Lucky Strike your cigarette.



Guaranteed by
The American Tobacco Co.
INCORPORATED

Coffee Prices Are Up
But
There's No Raise
In Price Of

INSTANT POSTUM

Try this delicious table drink of coffee-like flavor in place of your next pound of coffee.

Note the satisfaction, not only to purse but to health, and you'll continue to drink this delightful family beverage.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Company
Battle Creek, Michigan.